Caſ. Fore God this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Very well then: you muſt not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maiſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: 'tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. 'Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. 'Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature,
Praiſes the vertues that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And 'tis great pitty that the noble Moore should

Should hazard ſuch a place, as his ow
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to t

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſſio* well, and would doe
To cure him of this euill: but harke,

Enter Caſſio, *driuing in*

Caſ. Zouns, you rogue, you raſcal

Mon. what's the matter Leiuten

Caſ. A knaue, teach mee my duty
a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doeſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or ile knock

Mon. Come, come, you are drunk

Caſ. Drunke?

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry
Nay good Leiutenant: godſwill Ge
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir *Montanio*,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watc
Who's that that rings the bell? Diab
The Towne will riſe, godſwill Leiute
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zouns, I bleed ſtill, I am hu

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *M*
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, an
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; ho

Oth. Why how now ho, from wh
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our ſel
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottan*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)